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WINTER'S GIFT

Old Mother Earth quite bare and cold
 Extends her arms in prayer,
As Winter grum, that King so bold,
 Sweeps from his boreal lair.

In mournful sighs and groans eke low,
 She asks this King a boon;
That from his hoary beard he blow
 His snow o'er vale and dune;

That tucked beneath that cozy veil,
 In warmth and peace may rest
Her every child of woods and dale,
 When by this kindness blest.

At length in answer to her prayer,
 King Winter hurls the snow;
Well pleased old Earth takes to her lair
 While growling north winds blow.

Othmar Missler '29

HALF AN HOUR WITH ROGER ASCHAM

Old books to read! Old friends with whom to converse! Such are slogans that from remotest times have been favorites with bookworms and talewise talkers. Really, good reason demands that these slogans be regarded with special affection; for thoughts mellowed with the sunshine of long-ago, and voices sweetened by the charm of experience have a quality in themselves that will always touch responsive chords in the hearts of readers or listeners.

Among those authors whose books have all the alluring interest that age can lend them is Roger Ascham, tutor and, in later years, secretary to Queen Elizabeth of England. If pages filled with the lore of wisdom be in demand, Ascham can supply them; for he was a shrewd thinker and a wise preceptor, two characteristics of his that gave him an enviable position in the ranks of distinguished men of his time. The fame, however, that attaches to his memory and has reached down through three hundred years is wholly based on his exquisite writings, and not at all upon the advantages arising from the lofty offices to which he acceded during the period of his life. These offices are meaningless to people of the present age, but his fascinating essays, to which "Toxophilus, or The School of Shooting" belongs, still command attention and will provide many an half an hour of cheerful diversion to curious readers.

Now, to justify the contention that I make in these pages regarding the value of giving half an hour to Roger Ascham, it will not be necessary to bring all his works into my scope; but it will be amply sufficient for my purpose to rehearse briefly

what I discovered in just one of his essays, though it be an outstanding one, namely, "The School of Shooting."

Obviously the dialogue form of the essay, as used by Ascham in this particular work, is a matter that no reader could possibly overlook; but what was his purpose in employing the dialogue form? Plato used it; Cicero used it; and in very late times Bishop Berkley, David Hume, and a host of other writers used it. Hence there must be something to recommend the dialogue form when writing an essay. To my mind the merit consists in the very excellent chance that it gives the author to deliver plain and direct instructions without obtruding his personality upon the attention of the reader.

Well, it is outside of any doubt that Ascham intended to deliver outspoken and even sharp admonitions and instructions in his work, "The School of Shooting" and that, too, up to the very point of indulging rather severe moralizing. Perhaps he even intended it as a bit of only thinly veiled caustic admonition to readers of royal standing including, of course, haughty "Good Queen Bess." If so, then the very best thing that Ascham could do for himself was to hide his identity behind the pseudonyms of the dialogue, as thus under cover it was not so easy to get at him, if anyone should be minded to do so. To be sure Ascham may very well have recalled what happened to John Knox, who was in too great a hurry to use dialogue when he rapped out his fiery "Blast against the Iniquitous Reign of Women" by which he intended to blast Queen Mary Stuart, but in his haste he forgot that Queen Bessy Tudor was also a woman. It was she who promptly turned the 'blast' into a boomerang that for a space of time put the welfare of Knox into sore jeopardy. Ascham on his part,

knew only too well that the word, taboo, was written all over free speech in those 'spacious days.'

Whatever moral lessons Ascham may have desired to teach in his essay, "The School of Shooting," must have been put over without stirring up trouble, as there is no report that any harm came to him in consequence of any of his writings. How could it be possible that anyone should take his splendid advice amiss, especially since everyone of his opinions is based four-square on sayings and axioms that have been respected for their worth and truth from the days of Socrates and even in times beyond the age of this hoary old philosopher? As a matter of fact, it must be admitted that Ascham was acquainted with every saw, axiom, truism, and even platitude that rules for upright living ever embraced inasmuch as his own mode of expressing ideas is flavored with the hoarded prudence of centuries. Sentence upon sentence in the work under consideration is epigrammatic in ring and structure. In fact there are so many of these aphoristic spurts—one and all filled to the letter with choice moralizing—that the reader will gradually come to feel that he is reading a set of standard rules for the examination of conscience.

There can be no doubt but what, as history testifies, there were a lot of people in Ascham's day whose consciences stood in dire need of being examined; hence "The School of Shooting" may very well have been intended by its author as a means to direct arrows to the human heart rather than to the physical mark that could be seen with the eye.

Like an ascetic Ascham may moralize, yet it is not to be understood that his work on "Shooting" is given to nothing more than a mere inditement of ethical, social and moral principles. If he is profuse

in recording rules for upright living; he is no less profuse in displaying his enormous learning. With an ease that is totally natural, he cites to his purpose the names of authors whose fame covers ancient and mediaeval centuries, together with names of such writers who craved for notice and received it nothing earlier than in Ascham's own day. Whoever by virtue of achievement; of statecraft; of intelligence; of social rank, or of skill in fighting could be regarded as an authority on the use of the bow and arrow, that individual's opinion is adduced in company with his name in support of the ideas that Ascham himself advances concerning the art of shooting.

Not merely, when in professional dignity Ascham quotes the names and opinions of authors in connection with his subject, does he astonish his readers; but he actually sets one's mind twirling like a straw in a whirlwind when, at a buzzing rate, he spins off a long list of items that pertain to the making of a bow and arrow. The hawk, the chicken, the turkey, the goose, all likewise come in for their share of consideration when there is question of the kind of feather that is most suitable to guide the arrow accurately in its flight.

It is a noteworthy fact that the instructions respecting the art of shooting as given in this essay merely serve as a slender thread upon which, like beads of various color, moral axioms, pedantic references, off-hand remarks, and humorous observations are strung in the order of their importance. To show off each one of these matters to the best advantage is evidently intended; for so much space is devoted to them that less than one half of the essay deals with the idea as suggested by the subject. To suppose, however, that the subject is allowed at any time to slip from the attention of the reader would

be clearly wrong; for Ascham had too fine a sense of coherence to permit such a rhetorical blunder. No matter how far he wanders afield in order to bring in comparisons, contrasts, allusions, references, and similar material, he knows how to huddle them under the wings of his subject with such marked skill that all of them fit perfectly into his scheme of writing.

Lurking like a bat in the dark the sentiment of gloom is well known to hide in the shadow of moral tirades, and this is especially so, if Puritanic severity rolls its thunder through the words of advice that is given. But there is nothing of thunder or tirade in "The School of Shooting." All instructions, be they of whatever kind, are tempered with a rollicking humor that entices the reader to scan paragraph upon paragraph a second and even a third time. The lengthy conclusion—somewhat out of proportion to the size of the essay—is so thoroughly filled with pleasantries, witticisms, jokes, jests, banter, that the faculty of seeing the ludicrous side of human life and of things must be attributed to Ascham. Of course he could be earnest when a serious question was at stake, but, like a real teacher, he always knows how to temper serious words and difficult tasks by bringing in the wine of gladness.

How fortunate, indeed, that Ascham was English enough to choose that language in preference to Latin in which to set forth his thoughts and ideas. "In the English tongue for English men" he wrote his "School of Shooting." By so doing he moulded the fashion which helped very extensively to bring the English language to literary perfection. Oliver G. Leigh says of this essay, "As a fine example of pre-Shakespearian English, it is delightful reading, full of pleasant surprises in its quaintly spelt words which amusingly indicate their origin. He evidently

intended to illustrate diction more truly English than was that of his contemporaries. It is for these reasons which are so vividly shown in "The School of Shooting" that Ascham has, in an appreciative estimate, been called the venerable parent of our native literature."

With a single quotation to illustrate Ascham's facetious humor, I shall bring my observations on this essay of his to a close. He lavishes great praise on the goose, as might well be expected, for her feathers were of marked value in the business of shooting. He says, in taking leave from his pet fowl, "Yet welfare the gentle goose which bringeth to a man even to hys doore so many exceedynge commodities. How well doth she make a man fare at hys table? How easily doth she make a man lye in hys bed ?What prayse soever is given to shootynge, the goose may challenge the beste part in it."

As is said by standard critics of many other literary productions, so, with equal good grace, I feel that I may say of "The School of Shooting" that no reader will lay this essay aside without feeling that it belongs to the best things that he has ever read.

Marcellus Dreiling '30

Far away there in the sunshine are my highest aspirations. I may not reach them, but I can look up and see their beauty, believe in them, and try to follow where they lead.—L. M. Alcott.

How much easier our work would be if we put forth as much effort trying to improve the quality of it as most of us do trying to find excuses for not properly attending to it.—G. W. Ballinger.

JORDAN LEAVES HIS FEET

"Changes Made in Freshman Squad" was the headline that met Paul Jordan's eyes after he had hurriedly turned to the sport-page of "The Bartonian," Barton University's weekly paper. Eagerly grasping the sheet, Paul read: "Johnson, one of the best interferers and tacklers this column has noted in many moons, has been rewarded by being advanced to second-string quarter. This promotion places Johnson practically on a par with Gilbert, present first-string quarter. Jordan has been dropped to the thirds. Barker has been showing splendidly——." Paul, however, could read no further. Trembling, he sank to his chair; his eyes smarted; his head seemed about to burst. As he clasped his head in his hands, he tried to choke back the tears. His castles all came tumbling down, and he, who but one short year ago was the idol of Tait High, in tears and on the third team, lay at the foot of the ruins! How unintelligible and incongruous it all seemed to him.

Just then "Shorty" Packer, his room-mate, opened the door and with a brilliant execution of the latest version of the 'Varsity Drag' reached Paul's side. "Say, old fellow, awfully sorry to see that you were dropped to the thirds. Raw deal, I call it; and you one of the best runners in the school!"

"I thought so too, Shorty!"

"Aw, brace up, Paul; give them the run-around and quit. Here's a cigarette. A lot of good those old training rules did you!"

Paul allowed Shorty to give him a cigarette, and mechanically puffed it.

"That's better, Paul; now that that's definitely

settled, how about a date tonight? Yesterday I ran into a pair of queens, sorority sisters, et cetera; dated the pair of them, and was up a tree, till now for another fellow. I'll lay you odds of three to one you'll appreciate my taste. I'll run down right away and call them up."

"Shorty's" little speech had added fuel to the smouldering thoughts of rebellion in Paul's mind. After Packer had rushed off to a neighboring telephone booth, Paul hurried across the street to "The Collegiate Tailor Shop" to have a suit pressed for the grand occasion of "burning his bridges behind him." At the tailor's he ran into Barker, one of the first-string half-backs on the Freshman squad, who greeted Paul with: "Why weren't you out for practice today, Paul? Even Coach Nolan missed you, and he nearly blew up when someone ventured that you had quit the squad. Where the heck were you?"

"Oh, just became tired of being used for a door-mat, and decided to quit; and by the way, as a little diversion, I have a date tonight with a sorority girl, ace high."

"Paul, don't be a fool; you realize as well as I do what that date will mean. It will mean infuriating Nolan against you, it will mean that you will never make the Varsity."

"Without a doubt, I was, and am still, wild about making the team; but when, instead of boosting a fellow along, they kick him down, well—it's a different story."

"Paul you're too dog-gone proud; now just a minute. Without a doubt you are one of the finest runners in the school, but you don't seem to care whether the rest of the backs make their yardage or not. That's your big mistake. Your tackling and interfering should be done more whole-heartedly; more with a view towards helping the team—'team-

spirit,' that's the word. You need it, Paul. Remember what Nolan said about 'men and high school flashes?' You are not the quitting kind, forget about that date tonight and don't forget about 'team-spirit.' I'm sorry for being so brusque, but I mean to help you, and here's my hand on it."

Shamefacedly Paul shook hands and wonderingly walked back to his room, where he ran into "Shorty."

"Well, Paul, we're all set; the "Gardens" and then the "Oriental" for chop suey. The girls are—."

"Whoa, wait a minute, "Shorty," I've changed my mind; I'm not going."

"Why, don't be silly; I've already made the date, and Clara—that's her name, Clara Wilson—is simply wild about going with a football man. You can't disappoint her and me too now."

"Sorry, 'Shorty,' I should have given the matter a little thought before consenting. I've played the game wrong, I've been a fool long enough. So that's that; I'm not going. Hop next door and get Jim, he's a basketball man; that may satisfy her."

Leaving "Shorty" dumfounded, Paul started for the gymnasium, where he put on his gym suit. He then tugged two mats into the center of the floor. One of the mats he laid flat, and the other, which he had rolled up, he placed in an erect position.

Coach Nolan was returning from the football field where he had gone to retrieve a forgotten notebook when he noticed a light in the gymnasium. Wondering who could be using the gymnasium at six o'clock in the evening, he climbed the steps to the basketball hall, walked in, and stopped with a puzzled frown on his face. As he always did when a problem confronted him, he took off his hat and scratched his head—a head made prematurely bald by many little football problems. Slowly a smile crept over

his weather-beaten features, and as silently as he had come, he left. Chuckling to himself, he passed out into the night. "By Jove," Nolan muttered, "I knew I was right. No son of old Jim Jordan would ever be a quitter. Good old Jim! But to think that young Jordan, after being put back to the seconds, and finally to the thirds, would still be sticking. Awkward as the deuce the way he left his feet on tackling that mat, but he left his feet; that's the big idea. Guts Guts!"

Three years quickly passed. Paul is now first-string quarter-back, Varsity quarter-back. Seven games of the schedule have passed; there remains only the annual game with Vanderson, "the game" of the year. The last practice before the big game has just taken place, and Paul and Barker walk from the field side by side.

"To think, Paul, that our last practice on old Memorial Field is over! It hurts a little; doesn't it?"

"Yes, Barkie, a fellow learns to love the old field. What a merciless, cruel place it seemed four years ago when we were first starting on the Freshman team! As for my little fiasco then, it was certainly white of you to set me right. Thanks, old man!"

"Forget it, Paul. But say, imagine that huge, empty stadium packed with fifty-thousand people two days from now. With the sports writers predicting the usual tough battle, there won't be an inch of spare room left."

At last the great day arrived, accompanied by cool, crisp weather. The sky loomed gray and cheerless overhead. At noon the gates were opened, by one-thirty the acres of parking space with their lined rows of cars presented a huge military appearance; the gayly colored pennants that topped the huge

horse-shoe whipped back and forth in a stiff breeze; the "hot-dog" stands were beehives of activity; hilarious freshmen and dignified seniors alike hurled choice collegiate repartee and serpentine back and forth; racoon coats, ulsters, English tubulars, as well as the mink and sealskin of the feminine contingent were mingled throughout the crowd.

As the clock on the nearby chapel tower booms out the hour of two, Paul with the north goal at his back awaits the referee's whistle. He is keyed-up and nervous; four years of college football have only served to make the moment preceding the kick-off the more unbearable. With the twang of the ball from the toe of his full-back, Paul's shell of nervousness drops from him. Having covered the kick well, Barton University's ends drop Vanderson's full-back on his twenty-yard line. After an end run has been smothered, Vanderson kicks on the second down. Far down the field, the spiralling ball settles in Paul's arms. He turns to the right, suddenly cuts back and reverses his field. The ends have been "sucked in," a stiff-arm takes out Vanderson's center who had come in too high. Side-stepping, pivoting, Paul reels off twenty yards before he is brought down by Vanderson's safety man. With the ball resting thirty yards from the Vanderson goal-posts, Paul calls for two line smashes which prove ineffective. A hidden ball play, however, "sucks in" the defensive end. The guards, who have pulled out, box in the defensive full-back. Barker with a running dive and roll takes out the defensive half, and Paul circles his end and finds only the safety-man between him and a touchdown. A beautiful tackle by the safety-man brings Paul to earth. After three thrusts at the Vanderson line have gained no yardage, a pass over the goal line on the last down is grounded, and Vanderson puts the ball in play on its own twenty yard line. Vander-

son punts on the first down; and the game settles down into a steady, grim battle in which the punts of the Vanderson fullback equalize the brilliant running of the Barton backs.

Into the last quarter the teams battle without a score, waiting for the breaks. With the oncoming gloom settling over the field, a break came. On the Vanderson forty yard line, only a few yards from the sidelines, fate decrees that the Vanderson quarterback shall call a triple criss-cross play. The last man to handle the ball is the left-half; he juggles the ball, and in a futile effort to secure a firm hold on the slippery oval, he sends it careening and bouncing crazily out toward the center of the field where it is within easy reach of three men: a Vanderson end, Barker, and Paul. For a second there flashes before Paul's eyes the vision of himself snatching up that fumble and tearing down the field for a touchdown. He hears the praise and adulation which would be his after he had crossed the last chalk-mark—then suddenly an overwhelming thought, "team spirit" seizes him and he crashes fiercely and effectively into the Vanderson end. With the only obstacle in his path removed, Barker, who had been somewhat behind Paul, snatched up the precious cargo and, unimpeded, raced for a touchdown.

Pandemonium broke loose, and that huge crowd which had been held in suspense for three long quarters let itself go in one wild cheer. Serpentine, cushions, and even hats went sailing through the air. Old "grads" pounded each other and yelled themselves hoarse. The student body of Barton was one mass of surging, whooping, joyous humanity.

After the field had been cleared, the referee motioned for play to be resumed. That the kick failed

did not matter. The cheer leaders, showing all the sagacity of 'grandstand strategists,' called for: "Nine for Barker; all right, men, let's make them big for good old Barker."

Again the stands rocked with the echo and the re-echo of Barker's name. The crowd was pleased with its hero; and Paul walked to the kick-off position with an odd, twisted smile on his bruised face, satisfied in the consciousness that self-sacrifice and 'team-spirit' on his part had brought credit and applause to the Bartonians.

Richard Aubry '29

WINTER COMES

Rath Indian Summer loathes the call to go;
Yet harsh November now demands his own
And leads white-bearded Winter to his throne,
As one might joyously exalt a friend.
His gusty winds November sends for snow;
He makes the senile, withered leaves to tumble down
In adoration to stern Winter's crown,
While all turns melancholy here below.
Brave Winter heeds the call; and his allies,
Jack Frost and Mr. Snowman leave the skies.
With many arts they Mother Earth bedight
And o'er her bosom spread a robe of white.
In Snowman's fleecy garb the land is warm,
And man delights in Jack Frost's tricky charm.

C. Flynn '29

Let us endeavor so to live that when we come to die even the undertaker will be sorry.—Mark Twain.

THE TROUBADOUR QUEEN

It is the fate of our family that none should love the other," said Geoffrey Plantagenet. As father of Henry II, King of England from 1154-1189, old Geoffrey had experienced filial ingratitude and rough insubordination to a degree that was sufficient to turn grey hair white and to make white hair stand on end. Of all ill-starred noble families his was the worst with the possible exception if the family of his son, Henry II, at whose fireside a real Malbecco had found a seat with the effect on the family that everything was kept in a hurly-burly of wickedness.

The family of this Henry, who as the Second by that name, held the throne of England, shall be considered in this bit of writing. As wife he had taken to himself Eleanore, Duchess of Guienne, a lady of royal rank, who in earlier years had witnessed much gay life at the court of France. In her girlhood she had been affianced to Louis VII of that country, but in view of close blood relationship existing between her and Louis, this engagement was later annulled. Hence she was left free to choose any other marital alliance that might come her way. Being a comely woman, graceful, and talented, suitors of the noble brand hurriedly put in their appearance in goodly number. Among these was Henry II of the house of Plantagenet for whom the way to the English throne lay open. His suit was successful; unfortunately such for him, as with Eleanore, the former French Duchess, he brought into his palace the cause of bitter embarrassment and infinite mischief.

In order to understand how it came about that Duchess Eleanore of France changed into a real Lady Wishfort as Queen of England, her manner of living

under the protection of the French court must be known. Her years of maidenhood were spent at a royal castle in the city of Bordeaux where she made acquaintances among first-rate troubadours in whose queer courts of sentiment she sought to hold the position of Queen of Love, quite as if the title of Duchess were not enough for her. Above everything else she enjoyed the conventional flattery of the troubadours, as is sufficiently evident from her attitude towards them in the capacity of patroness; for it required but the announcement that some one or other of her favorite songsters had arrived at the royal castle to induce her to put aside what little occupation her position as Duchess laid upon her. Her fiance, Louis VII, became angered upon hearing of her frivolous conduct on these occasions and felt persuaded that measures had to be taken to correct a condition that suggested scandal. But as was usual in those chivalrous times, when a royal dupe was to be corrected, especially if the dupe happened to be a lady of rank, the matter was taken in hand from the wrong side.

To discourage the familiarities which the vociferous troubadours were employing towards his prospective wife and future Queen, Louis resorted to means that were both insulting and violent in character. The chief composers of amorous lyrics in honor of the young Duchess Eleanore, and also the most sonorous vocalists who frequented the royal castle where she lived, were Bernard de Ventadour, Rambout d' Orange, and Uc de St. Cyr. This trio of sentimental song birds vied earnestly with one another to hold the highest place in the esteem and the affection of the lively young Duchess, whom they blithely honored with the title of Troubadour Queen. They were so deeply engrossed in devising lyrics of love and praise

for her that they did not have time even to suspect that Louis was framing designs on them. But he was doing so.

Bernard de Ventadour was the first victim of the designs of Louis. When next he swaggered into the hall that led to the apartments of the Duchess, he was met by two varlets who carried brooms charged with moist soot. With these brooms they at once deployed upon him from both sides in such vigorous sweeping motions that the poor troubadour found his gallant temper growing as dark on the inside as he was growing black on the outside. It is needless to observe that his sweet notes were all reduced to discord. Sticks were used to subdue the ambitions of Rambout d' Orange. The records say that the halls that had so often resounded to his velvety notes, now re-echoed to the majors and minors that accompany a cat-and-dog fight. Uc de St. Cyr fared roughly in that same hall. He was suddenly jostled to the floor, his harp was broken, and he was dragged by the heels. As he noticed the point of contact between himself and the floor growing hot, he could sing merely in R. H. flats the old coward's tune, "O, O, do let me go!" Of course, the Duchess was informed of all these happenings. A tiff resulted between herself and Louis. To smoothen matters over, Louis promised that she would be allowed to accompany him on the impending crusade.

The Turks had again become arrogant; a crusade against them, the second in number, was recognized as a necessity. St. Bernard of Clairvaux, the most powerful religious influence of the time, preached a sermon that by the sheer force of splendor and persuasiveness set the crusade on foot. One can easily imagine that the doings of the vaunted Troubadour Queen, Duchess Eleanore, must have filled the soul

of the great St. Bernard with sore misgivings and outright disgust. For her the crusade was to be a pleasure jaunt. She insisted on leading the van of the army; she flirted with every Turk who took her fancy; she accepted gifts from Sultan Nouredin, and twice she brought the army into serious trouble. It was due, furthermore, to her hoidenish conduct that Louis and the Emperor Conrad fell to quarreling; a circumstance that had much to do with bringing the crusade to a miserable failure.

Upon their return to France, the betrothal between Louis VII and Duchess Eleanore was canceled; they could not be married because of blood relationship; and it was now that Henry II of England sought to capture the wild bird. He spread his net carefully and captured, as he found out later, a real buzzard. If ever a man reaped the whirlwind because of his hasty doings, it was King Henry II of England. He was shortly made the butt of merciless ridicule. His wife, now Queen Eleanore of England, made sport of his ruddy face, his bull neck, and his bowed legs. On his part Henry strove to give her numerous causes for vexation. He sneered at her coquettishness; belabored her with sarcasm, and even insulted her by praising other noble women as being superior to her in attainments. Their three children were born and reared in a home filled with discord—a discord that ultimately resulted in murder. Can there be any surprise that their three sons, Henry the Boisterous, Richard the Lion-Hearted, and John the Vinegar-Faced came to be as roughish as history reports them to have been?

The endless provocations mutually given by King Henry and Queen Eleanore had a disastrous effect particularly upon the latter. Her coquettish disposition gradually turned into desperate jealousy and

dark cruelty. Rosamond Clifford, whom Henry had frequently praised merely to spite the Queen, was the first to fall a victim of her royal dagger. Finding it, furthermore, impossible to avenge herself on Henry for his continued insults, she proceeded to stir up their three noisy sons against him. When this trouble was settled for the nonce, she teased and prodded Henry into bringing out the Constitutions of Clarendon. It was these constitutions that caused an uproar that culminated in the murder of St. Thomas a Becket. To relieve his tortured conscience in the face of this wicked deed, Henry did public penance; to relieve her tortured conscience in connection with this matter, Queen Eleanore sought out another troubadour, namely, Bertrand de Born, whose task it came to be to sing the Queen's praises lavishly, and to voice his hatred of Henry in burning satire. Henry ordered that this troubadour should receive a bath in a barrel of swill, but for reasons unknown the bath was never given.

At length the 'wild bird' whom Henry had been at such pains to capture in France and whom he had made his Queen filled up the cup of sorrow for him to such fullness that he felt glad to die. He lay on his death-bed hated by his Queen; despised by his sons; ridiculed by Bertrand de Born; mocked by his enemies. Added to all this he was conscious of many foolish crimes from which he sought easement by devoutly receiving the Last Sacraments.

The death of King Henry II had been preceded by the death of his oldest son, Henry the Boisterous. The second oldest son of Henry now ascended the throne of England, namely, Richard the Lion-Hearted. He soon discovered that his mother, Queen Eleanore, was intriguing against him with his younger brother, John the Vinegar-Faced. But John, though he at all

times found himself the chief object of his mother's affection, did not trust her more than did his brother, King Richard. Only once in her life, and that was after the death of King Richard, when her son John, then surnamed Lackland, had ascended the throne of England, did Queen Eleanore display reliability in her words and conduct. She aided John in his struggle with King Philip Augustus of France by giving him counsel, though, as might be expected, her counsel was as cruel as it was shrewd. Plainly, John was to commit a murder in order to relieve himself from a dangerous rival for the crown. This rival was none other than Queen Eleanore's grandson, Arthur of Brittany. Within two years Arthur played into John's hands, and the deed was accomplished.

Queen Eleanore had now grown old. Even the title, Troubadour Queen, no longer gave her pleasure. She realized that the time was at hand to make amends for her countless misdeeds, but those deeds were all of such a character as to preclude any other amends outside of severe penance. For this purpose she betook herself to a convent where but a surprisingly short time was given her to make her peace with God. By the end of the year 1204, old Queen Eleanore was no more. She had been a bad wife, a bad mother, and a bad Queen. This much may, however, be said to her credit, namely, that she was not devoid of generous impulses and even virtuous feelings, qualities that under more favorable conditions would, without doubt, have enabled her to become a great queen.

Joseph Schill '29

Friendship is the highest degree of perfection in society.—Montaigne.

TO THE LAST WARBLER

Why singest thou upon the thorn
In chill November's sunless gloom
As blithe as when the year was born?
The trees and shrubs have all been shorn;
The leaves have fallen in the womb
Of earth, their birthplace and their tomb;
The linnet has long since forsworn
The hedge-rows and the fields of broom;
And clouds in sombre garments mourn
While thou art left upon the thorn.

Dost thou delight to sing the dirge
Of fallen leaves and withered flowers
That lived so fair in former hours?
Then tell the charm that so can merge
Thy grief in gladness. On the verge
Of winter, while unfruitful showers
Chill the lean frame of summer bowers,
Some strange and wayward whim must urge
Thy joyous heart to sing their dirge.

Or is it that there lives in thee,
Though death and dark despair abound,
Some dream of immortality?
Methinks, if such a note be found
In thy so strangely seasoned glee,
E'en as the leaves beneath the tree,
That hope must follow to the ground.
Yet all the time that thou are free
Sing the sweet song that lives in thee.

Spalding Miles '30

THE ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGIAN

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Rev. Meinrad Koester, C. PP. S. ----- Faculty Director

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EDITORIALS

So much twaddle has been written and spoken recently about what this political party has done, or about what that political party will do to increase the prosperity of the United States, that some people seem to have confused political parties with Divine Providence. In a like manner, "the full dinner-pail" has been exploited with such vigor as to convince one that the American people are more interested in a full stomach than in an overflowing heart. It is with a great deal of pleasure then, that one discovers in reading President Coolidge's Thanksgiving Day proclamation that the chief executive of the United States realizes that thanks for American prosperity

are due to One Who transcends political parties and all other human institutions.

Although there are people who think that Thanksgiving Day really begins with the noon-day roast turkey, cranberry sauce, mashed potatoes, pumpkin pie, and the other traditional victuals, and really ends with attendance at one of the many annual football combats held on that day; a reading of any of the Thanksgiving proclamations of the many presidents who have placed their seals on these documents will convince the reader that above everything else Thanksgiving Day has a spiritual significance. The pleasurable, but more material elements of Thanksgiving Day are to come only after "the people throughout the land—in their several homes and places of worship—render thanks to God, the ruler of nations."

The students of St. Joseph's College should be thankful that on Thanksgiving Day they will be enabled to observe the holiday in a most fitting manner. With no particularly trying effort on their part they will be able, and, if possible, should start the day not only with attendance at the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass but with the reception of Holy Communion. A day of thanksgiving consecrated in that manner cannot but help to bring continued blessings on the finest country under the sun.

Those who are not blessed with that rugged health which enables one to spend nights of dreamless sleep will recall the paralyzing effect that dream phantoms have on the dreamer. On students, the announcement of quarterly examinations has much the same paralyzing effect as one of those hideous wraiths that pursues a restless sleeper. Once examinations are announced, no matter how hard one tries to pre-

pare for the struggle, the day of examination rushes forward with the speed of a March wind, while the one who is preparing for the struggle barely creeps. Before the student can assume a defensive position, especially if he is one who intends to start studying tomorrow, the quarterly question-and-answer tussle is upon him.

In order to avoid the quarterly paralysis brought on by the contemplation of those necessary evils called variously: "tests," "examinations," and "quizzes," a personally conducted campaign similar to the annual "Do your Christmas shopping early" campaign is said to be useful. The campaign is conducted in the following manner: As soon as one quarterly examination is over, the student should paste this, or a similar notation, in a prominent place on his desk, "Only fifty days until the Second Quarterly Exams. Do your studying early." When the grades for the First Quarterly Examinations are posted, the individual most vitally concerned should glue the result of his efforts in those examinations in a spot that will readily catch his eye. The percentages should be arranged in such fashion that the most dismal mark will be the most eye-arresting.

The aforementioned system will be found most successful where the patient interprets "studying early" to mean studying immediately and continuously during what are called (sometimes perhaps jokingly) study periods. The editor of the Collegian feels that the group of students typified by a Senior who learned but one week before the first quarterly examinations that "Spencer's News Writing" and "Livy's Punic Wars" had different colored covers will find the "early studying method" an excellent tonic for weak and run-down grades.

EXCHANGES

Having become a little more familiar with the nature of our work, we of the Exchange Department enter upon the task of fulfilling, to the best of our ability, the resolutions which we made at the beginning of the year,—to extend what help we can give to the magazines and papers that exchange with the Collegian, and, in turn, to benefit by the criticism that our Exchanges give to the Collegian. To criticize as many of our Exchanges as space permits, and not to comment on the same paper twice, as long as others have gone unreviewed, is our intention. Keeping these things well in mind we begin.

The fanciful cover of THE BLUE AND GOLD conjured up in our minds visions of delightful readings—visions in which we indulged to the fullest extent, despite the warnings of some ex-men on the deceptive character of the cover. In the present instance our anticipations were fully realized, and we do not hesitate to say that the October number of The Blue and Gold easily sustains the reputation of the past year. Reliability, freshness, and dignity characterize its pages.

We have always looked upon THE BURR as an ideal college journal, and the October number of this year has strengthened this impression. Essay, fiction, and verse are so interspersed in its pages as to call forth the admiration of the most critical. The knack of short-story writing the editors of The Burr have always possessed to an eminent degree. The merit lies not so much in the stories themselves as in the way they are told. The editorials are models of good English, and teem with thoughts pertinent to student life.

Our little friend from Northwestern College—THE BLACK AND RED seems to have entered upon the new year determined to reach the very zenith of College Journalism. The October number would certainly warrant this high ambition on the part of its editors. One thing, however, prevents The Black and Red from attaining absolute completeness in College Journalism—the lack of poetry. The editors of The Black and Red cannot excuse themselves on the score of inability, for, surely, where there are writers of such sparkling prose, there must be some with a vein for poetry.

Among the Exchanges of last month there was a new visitor,—THE WENDELETTE, containing many bits of enjoyable reading. It bids fair to rival some of its more pretentious sisters in the realm of journalism. The articles bespeak great literary activities among the students. We are pleased to note that The Wendette has adopted a regular Exchange Department. May others follow the example!

THE OLIVIA, Academy of The Immaculate Conception, Oldenburg, Indiana, presents a problem. We fear that it falls below the standard which the renown of a school like The Academy of The Immaculate Conception warrants. After reviewing The Olivia, one's attention is drawn to the fact that the abundant amount of prose is not properly balanced by poetry when there are only two signed poems in that rather extensive literary section; and also that the literary section has quantity rather than quality. On the other hand, news events and class notes are skillfully handled. We believe that the Olivia staff could improve their paper by having a space for Exchanges.

We are highly pleased to have with us again THE NOTRE DAME NEWS, Notre Dame College,

South Euclid, Ohio. Notre Dame News, concerned as it is, primarily with local happenings, is rather limited in its appeal. Its editorials and articles, however, display a high standard of literary expression.

To read the first issue of ST. JOSEPH'S GLEANER is a real delight. True poetic thought pervades the poems. The stories are good. We heartily congratulate the Gleaner's staff on its step upward, namely that of giving its readers a magazine in standard print. In regard to appearance, it would seem that there is not enough marginal space on the pages.

We are grateful also for the following exchanges: The Brown and White, St. Francis Preparatory Seminary, Mt. Healthy, Ohio; Calvert News, Calvert High School, Tiffin, Ohio; The Centric, Central Catholic High School, Toledo, Ohio; The Eye, St. Ignatius High School, Cleveland, Ohio; The H. C. C. Journal, Hays Catholic College, Hays Kansas; The Hour Glass, St. Mary's College, St. Marys, Kansas; Look-A-Head, St. Paul's High School, Norwalk, Ohio; Loyola News, Loyola University, Chicago, Illinois; The Marymount College Sunflower, Marymount College, Salina, Kansas; The Purple and White, Assumption College, Sandwich, Ontario; The Red and Blue, St. Ignatius High School, San Francisco, California; The Rensselaerien, Rensselaer High School, Rensselaer, Indiana; The Tower, St. Lawrence College, Mt. Calvary, Wisconsin; The Vista, Notre Dame Academy, Toledo, Ohio; and The Warrior, Oakdale High School, Oakdale, Louisiana.

Life is made up of sobs, sniffles and smiles, with sniffles predominating.—O Henry.

LIBRARY NOTES

THE NEW ESSAY CATALOG

Time has been when students of the essay were referred to a few writers as Bacon, Addison, Steele, Lamb, and Emerson; and they either read these authors and derived untold benefits; or, because the essays were too old, or too deep, or too cold or too transcendent, students failed to read them, and, consequently, lost all the benefits that might have been reaped.

But times have changed. While the writers mentioned still remain the bright luminaries in the galaxy of the essay world, other essayists have come forth, so good in their respective fields of letters, history, arts, and sciences; so diversified in their manner of presentation; and so inviting as to style, that to keep on sponsoring the old writers at the expense of the new ones, means fighting a lost cause; and to read only the old writers means to miss just so much of the later essayists.

Mindful of the importance of these facts, and eager to stimulate the reading of good essays by writers both old and new, the local librarian has put considerable time and effort into making a special essay catalog.

The essay catalog was at first intended to include works only of the strictly literary essay type. But then the questions arose: "What is the strictly literary essay? Who is to judge, and just where would he draw the line?"

Owing to the indefiniteness of the margin, therefore, essays of every nature were included in the catalog; and, in consequence, what was at first

intended to be a small catalog, turned out to be a book of one hundred and seventy typewritten pages. Some titles, of course, have been included not so much for their essay form, as for their wealth of essay material.

Essays have been divided into several large groups and arranged alphabetically according to authors. Naturally, some essays may be found in two or even three of these divisions; for the aim was not so much to save time in the making of the catalog, as to save the time of the student, and to forestall fruitless search in any one division.

The divisions of the essay catalog are:

Aesthetic, Autobiographical, Biographical, Citizenship and Patriotism, Controversial, Critical, Economic, Educational, Ethical, Fine Arts, Historical, Humorous, Inspirational, Literary, Miscellaneous, Missions, Nature, Philosophical, Political, Psychological, Religious, Scientific, Social and Economic, Travel.

Essays have not been catalogued as to title or subject matter, for the new catalog was not intended to replace the card catalog, but merely to be a handy abridgment of it. Remember, the card catalog for books, and the Reader's Guide for magazine articles, always remain the indispensable guides for finding material on any specific topic.

The librarian will cheerfully furnish any further information in regard to the new essay catalog.

Climb the mountains and get their good tidings. Nature's peace will flow into you as sunshine flows into trees. The winds will blow their own freshness into you, and the storms their energy, while cares will drop away from you like the leaves of autumn.—
John Muir.

SOCIETIES

COLUMBIAN LITERARY SOCIETY

Thus far this year the most prominent of the C. L. S. activities was its recent public program, presented on Sunday evening, October 21. The vice-president, Wilfred Druffel, who opened the program with a short talk outlining the aims of the C. L. S., introduced the next speaker of the evening, Henry Alig. As the newly-elected president of the society, Mr. Alig delivered his inaugural address. His oration, entitled "The Embryo of a Nation," was an interesting discourse on the nature, aim, and necessity of a good education. Refuting the idea that the study of the classics should be abolished, the president delivered a very enthusiastic address which manifested the ability of a true Columbian leader.

Because of its timely subject, "Resolved that Hoover is better qualified than Smith for the presidency," the debate had been anxiously awaited by the students. The discussion, however, proved to be a rather one-sided affair in spite of its interest. The timidity of the affirmative, Joseph Hageman, contrasted with the lively and convincing manner of his opponent, James Stapleton, caused the judges to give the decision to the latter.

"For the sake of variety," as the president put it in introducing the next speaker, Cornelius Flynn cleverly rendered one of Ireland's humorous poems "The Irish Jubilee." The response of the audience aptly testified to the merit of this piece.

The black-face dialogue between Paul Anzinger and Charles Baron was another humorous feature of the program. There were three reasons for the

laughter that greeted these "dahkies" during their skit: their makeup, their manner, and their jokes.

The biggest laugh of the evening was the one act farce "Our First Performance." This comedy was an instance in which action was as important as words, and the more stupid the participants could act, the better the play was sure to be. Each player portrayed the character he represented as cleverly, and at the same time as stupidly, as his part required. The cast that sent the audience away with sides aching from laughter was as follows:

Billy Jones, Stage Manager and prompter-----	John Wissert
-----	Frank Walker, who plays the tramp part--John Ryan
Tim Palmydays, who plays the Old Man part -----	Roland Flinn
-----	B. R. Ogue, who plays the Irish part---Daniel Nolan
Henderson Darkplot, who plays the Heavy Villain----	Louis Huffman
-----	B. Alley Johnson, who plays the Coon part -----
-----	Alois Friedrich

With the success of this performance fresh in their memories, the members of a large cast will soon begin practice on an ambitious Thanksgiving play entitled "Kick In."

NEWMAN CLUB

The Newman meeting of October 14 was featured by the installation of officers, and especially by the address of Rouleau Joubert when he took the president's chair.

The main event of the meeting of October 28 was the first private program which the Newman Club has witnessed this year. This program headed by an interesting debate was a favorable sign of the interest that the Newmanites are taking in their society. The greatest thrill the Newmans have re-

ceived this year was the announcement made in this meeting of their first public program which will be held on December 8. Breaking away from the traditional custom of making their initial public appearance in the form of a varied program of speeches and one act plays, the Newmanites this year will begin their work by the presentation of a three act comedy, "Adam's Apple."

The production of a three-act play as its first performance is probably a greater step than the Newman Club has ever before taken. The interest, however, that the participants seem to be showing in their work augurs well for the successful presentation of "Adam's Apple." If the title of a play has anything to do with the nature of the performance, then the students and faculty of St. Joseph's may prepare themselves for an evening of laughs on December 8. Come on Newmanites, let's see your best!

DWENGER MISSION UNIT

The Dwenger Mission Unit held its second regular meeting of the scholastic year on Saturday evening, October 13. The election of officers which could not be completed at the first meeting for lack of time was continued as unfinished business. Added to the staff of officers are treasurer, James Stapleton; librarian, Raphael Gross. John Baechle, Thomas Corcoran, Edmund Binsfeld, Gilbert Wirtz, William Pank, and Michael Vichuras were appointed by the president to constitute the Peptomist Committee, while Charles Spalding, Russell Gillig, Henry Busemeyer, Joseph Otte, Stephen Tatar, William Egolf, and John Bresnan were appointed members of the Publicity Committee. Francis Novak received the office of marshal by appointment.

The feature of this meeting was the inaugural

address of Thomas Durkin, the president of the society. Outlining the purpose of a mission unit, he stressed the necessity of mission spirit at the meetings. The high standard of the D. M. U. in the past has always been marred slightly by a certain frivolity in the meetings, and Thomas Durkin reminded the assembly of this fact. While he acknowledged that the members possessed plenty of enthusiasm, he asked them to show their spirit in the meetings without too great a lack of seriousness.

The president also read a letter written to the society by last year's president in the name of those members of the Class of '28 who are now at Carthage, Ohio. The encouraging words of this letter show that the Gaspar Mission Unit is watching with interest all the activities of the Dwengerites and will be an incentive to the Dwenger Mission Unit's success.

A large number of new members was voted into the society at this last meeting and if the success of a society depends in any way upon the size of its enrollment, then the Dwenger Mission Unit will have a successful year.

RALEIGH CLUB

At last the Raleigh Club has a radio! One can go to the clubroom at any free period during the day, and always find a group of fellows gathered in a ring about the loud speaker. This new feature of the Raleigh Club—a seven tube Radiola—was purchased late in September and was installed just in time for the World Series reception. Since it is an interesting source of entertainment, the radio is now a big feature of the club room. A raffle is being sponsored by the Raleigh Club for the purpose of patching up

the hole which the purchase of the Radiola has made in its treasury.

A meeting at which the characteristic Raleigh enthusiasm prevailed was held Sunday evening, November 4. The only new business conducted at the meeting was the admittance of six candidates into the ranks of the society. The meeting closed with the singing of the jolly chorus of the Raleigh Club song.

This was the only meeting which the society has held since September, but the new members can be consoled by the fact that soon a meeting will be called at which the special order of the day will be initiation.

"Mr. Pep" is a prominent member of the club this year, and he always tries to keep the other fellows in good spirits. When a club member feels out-of-sorts, the best thing he can do is to go to the clubroom, have his 'hale, renew his acquaintance with "Mr. Pep," and he is bound to feel like a new man. That is the purpose of the Raleigh Club.

ALUMNI NOTES

Hear ye! Hearken ye! Class of '24, read what a former fellow-classmate has to say. "From way down in Maryland, from a member of the best class of boys ever turned out by St. Joe—the Class of 1924" comes the following, as well as part of the foregoing: "Let's see some mention in the Collegian of such famed students as Fat Buckley, Mac McGuire, Bill Flynn, Eddie O'Connor, Red Lyons, Ted Liebert, Jazz Boehm, Francis Fate, Butch Boehnlien, Joe Brown, Speed Meiers, Dan Costello, Flossy Wier, Brick Roach, and others. You don't realize how pleased we would be to hear something of one another. Give the class of '24 a big hand and accept the best wishes for all the

success in the world from a booster way down in Maryland. Ray F. Yeager."

After reading this red-blooded, enthusiastic letter, the Alumni-Notes Editor was very strongly tempted to get up on his hind legs and give fifteen large, rousing 'rahs' for R. F. Yeager and the Class of '24. Unfortunately, I, the aforementioned editor, was seated in a crowded studyhall and very judiciously reasoned that Brother Fidelis might not like such a proceeding. There is, however, nothing to hinder those who have received prominent mention in the preceding letter from writing to the Collegian anything from a few lines to a few reams. The ball has been started rolling. Let this be a great get-together year. I promise to do my little part, the rest is up to you, Alumni.

Rev. Isidore Oberhauser, C. PP. S., who was formerly stationed at St. Charles' Seminary, Carthage, Ohio, has taken up his duties as the newly-elected Secretary General of the Community of the Most Precious Blood, and is now residing at the Community's Mother House in Rome. Incidentally, Father Oberhauser is the first priest from the American Province to hold this distinguished office.

To the courtesy of a member of the Class of '22, the Alumni-Notes Editor is indebted for information concerning the present whereabouts of the following graduates of '22: Rev. Leo Breitenback, assistant pastor of St. Vincent's Church, Logansport, Ind.; Rev. Jos. Hennes, assistant pastor of St. Patrick's Church, Kokomo, Ind.; Rev. Gregory Boeckman, assistant pastor of Cathedral and financier of the Amarillo, Tex., diocese; Rev. Geo. J. Werner, assistant pastor, St. John's Church, Lima, Ohio; Rev. Robt. H. Ruffing, assistant pastor, St. Joseph's Church, Maumee, Ohio; Rev. Anthony Kaspar, Gibault Home for Boys, Terre Haute, Ind.; Rev. Urban Koenig, assistant pastor, St.

Augustine's Church Cincinnati, Ohio; Rev. George Spaeth, C. PP. S., assistant pastor, Immaculate Conception Church, Celina, Ohio; Rev. Julian H. Voskuhl, C. PP. S., assistant editor of The Messenger, Carthage, Ohio.

Since Alumni Notes concern me most intimately as editor of this department of the Collegian, I am sending out a call to you, privileged members of this association, to notify me of your feelings during the happiest, the grandest, the most successful moments of your lives, as well as during the most desperate, the most crunching, the most embarrassing days that found their way into your years. Let me hear from you, and through the Collegian, others to whom your names are always interesting will be given a chance to hear from you in turn.

HONOR ROLL

Sixths: Paul Knapke, 96 4-7; Andrew Pollak, 96 2-7; Othmar Missler, 96 2-7; Herbert Linenberger, 92 5-7; Edmund Guillozet, 91 4-7; Albert Gordon, 91 4-7.

Fifths: Marcellus Dreiling, 97 4-7; John Kraus, 95 4-7; Spalding Miles, 93 5-8; John Baechle, 92 6-7; William Pfeifer, 92 5-7.

Fourths: Thomas Clayton, 94 1-2; Joseph Shaw, 94 3-4; Stephen Tatar, 92 1-8; Ralph Boker, 91 3-8; Clétus Bihn, 91 3-8.

Thirds: Herman Schnurr, 97; Charles Maloney, 97; Maurice Meyers, 96 6-7; Virgil Siebeneck, 96 3-4; Joseph Otte, 96.

Seconds: Michael Vichuras, 95 1-2; William Egolf, 93 2-5; Raymond Leonard, 92 2-5; Bernard Glick, 91 4-5; Fred Follmar, 91 3-5.

Firsts: William McKune, 99 2-5; Charles Kelty, 98 1-6; Bernard De Mars, 97; Thomas Buren, 94 4-5; Earl Rausch, 96 4-5; Joseph Allgeier, 96 3-5.

LOCALS

Recent visitors at the College were: The Rev. Robert J. Pratt, Kokomo, Ind.; The Rev. Henry Beuke, C. PP. S., Carthagen, O.; The Rev. Alexander Koenig, Cincinnati, O.; The Rev. Ferdinand J. Von der Haar, Cincinnati, O.; The Rev. Aloys. Dirksen, C. PP. S., Washington, D. C.; The Rev. James Fitzgerald, Oxford, Ind.; The Rev. Louis Hefe, C. PP. S., Kenosha, Wis.; The Rev. Aloys. Copenolle, Earl Park, Ind.; The Rev. J. H. Metz, Springfield, O.; The Rev. George Hass, Fort Wayne, Ind.

The Class of '10, no doubt, will remember Father George Hass as one of the best pitchers ever turned out at St. Joseph's. His quiet disposition and gentlemanly character while a student are still well remembered by those who knew him.

Without doubt one of the most significant aids in improving and beautifying St. Joseph's front-yard is the entire reconstruction of the old lake during the recent summer months. In general appearance and size, the new basin resembles the old one. The new outer wall, however, being six inches wide at the top and sixteen inches wide at the base, is far more solidly constructed and reinforced than was the old wall. The new wall also differs from the old one in that it has a slope toward the center of the basin to take care of the expansion of the ice in winter-time. Sixteen ornamental pedestals punctuate the outer wall at regular intervals. The base of each pedestal is a solid column, which is one piece with the wall and extends down to the same depth as the wall itself.

Of massive appearance is the center-piece, which

has a diameter of approximately sixteen feet at the base and fifteen feet at the top. A superstructure of rock built on this center-piece presents a pleasing design and greatly enhances the whole appearance of the lake.

Situated as it is in a strategic position, the lake, surrounded by beautiful trees of many varieties, shrubs, and flowers, presents a picture which has called forth the admiration and commendation of all who have seen it. The walk surrounding the lake has also been entirely renewed.

As a monument to the practical abilities of the Reverend A. Scheidler under whose supervision and according to whose design the cement structure about the lake was renewed, this piece of work will be gratefully remembered in years to come.

During the summer months the lake serves as a refreshing refuge from the intense heat of the day, and at the first sign of ice, it serves as a medium for the exhilarating sport of ice-skating.

The renovation of the north lavatory of the main building by the laying of a terrazzo floor and by the installation of a set of the very latest fixtures is but another instance of the solicitude of St. Joseph's for the comfort and general well-being of its students.

By special indult of the Reverend Faculty, permission was granted to the students to go to town on Wednesday afternoon, October 3, in order to see the justly renowned moving picture, "The King of Kings." The expectations of the students were more than realized in the sterling worth and high character of this production. As a refreshing diversion from the ordinary run of secular pictures, "The King of Kings" is an excellent type.

St. Joseph's hails with delight an addition to its faculty in the person of Rev. Frederick Fehrenbacher, C. PP. S., who has taken up his duties here as professor. Already he has endeared himself by his winning personality and general amiableness to a host of students. To those with whom he was acquainted in days gone by, and who are no longer in this neighborhood, it may be interesting to know that Father Fehrenbacher retains his charming bass voice of student days. On the baseball field, he seems still to have the "stuff" that made him a varsity man not so many years ago.

On the evening of Columbus Day, a treat in the form of a series of literary readings by Arthur J. Beriault, president of the Beriault School of Expression, Indianapolis, Ind., was presented to the students of St. Joseph's College. Mr. Beriault's program was so arranged that tears and laughter were mixed in the same delightful confusion quite as they are mixed in life. Equally as an educational and intellectual treat, and as a means for mental relaxation, this program was a success.

That the almost paternal feeling which an editor develops for his publication does not cease always when an editor severs his connection with a journal is the burden of a letter received from the first editor of the revived Collegian, Caspar A. Heimann. Mr. Heimann's regard for the magazine which he so ably edited last year and his expressed confidence in his immediate successors are among the most heartening messages which the Staff of 1928-29 has received from former students of St. Joseph's.

ATHLETICS

SENIOR LEAGUE STANDING

Team	Won	Lost	Pct.
Fifths -----	3	0	1.000
Sixths -----	3	0	1.000
Thirds -----	1	2	.333
Fourths -----	1	2	.333
Seconds -----	0	4	.000

With the pigskin season rapidly drawing to a close, competition in the Senior League has dwindled down to a heated race between the two elevens which represent the college department,—the Fifths, champs of last year, and the Sixths. Having disposed of their high school rivals, these two undefeated teams will clash for the Senior League championship in what will be the last game of the league season for both elevens. If “dope” means anything, the two teams are on an even basis; and with the championship at stake, the proverbial “battle of the century” seems to be in store for Collegeville.

THIRDS 16, SECONDS 0

St. Joe's 1928 football season was ushered in on Sunday, September 30, when the Thirds downed the Seconds by a 16-0 count in the opening game of the Senior League. The lack of weight and of experience was the deciding factor in the downfall of the newly-organized Seconds, who, although they fought gamely from beginning to end, could not cope with the speedy, smooth-working Third year machine.

The Thirds started off with a bang, scoring a touchdown on the very first scrimmage of the game when Parr, second-string back, circled right-end for seventy yards to cross the goal line. A neat field-goal

from the twenty-five yard line by Strasser late in the first quarter, and a touchdown by Blommer in the third period completed the Thirds' scoring. The Seconds made most of their gains via the air route. Toth and Voorde completing several nice passes.

LINEUP:—SECONDS: Riegling, L. E.; Simon, L. T.; Scheidler, L. G.; Follmar, C.; Riedlinger, R. G.; Besanceney, R. T. Kirchner, R. E.; Toth (Capt.) Q.; DeMars, L. H.; Voorde, R. H.; Krieter, F. THIRDS: Strasser, L. E.; Meyer, L. T.; Reineck, L. G.; Novak, C.; Storch, R. G.; Siebeneck, R. T.; Conroy, R. E.; Greenwell, Q.; Lanoue, L. H.; Parr, R. H.; Reino, F. Substitutions—SECONDS:—Boarman for Scheidler. Ziegler for Riegling, Scheidler for Boarman, Rager for Scheidler, Owens for Rager. THIRDS:—Byrne for Strasser, Van Acker for Meyer, Landwehr for Reineck, Gengler for Novak, Mallifski for Storch, McCarthy for Siebeneck, Ceboll for Conroy, Blommer (Capt.) for Greenwell, Mordrijan for Lanoue, Hoover for Parr, Wirtz for Reino. Officials:—Referee, Barge; Umpire, Martin; Headlinesman, Weis.

SIXTHS 12, FOURTHS 0

The sixths took the measure of the Fourths on October 7 by 12-0, scoring two touchdowns in rapid order in the last period, after they had been held scoreless during the first three quarters of the game. The spectacular punting of "Bonny" Dreiling kept the Sixths away from the Fourths' goal line for three quarters, but the Aubry-coached eleven was not to be denied, and the scoreless tie was broken early in the fourth period when Anzinger plunged through for a touchdown after a determined drive by the Sixths had carried the pigskin from mid-field to the Fourths' one-yard mark. The Sixths scored their second touchdown a few minutes later when Barge tossed a

twenty-yard pass to Hartke, who crossed the Fourths goal line unmolested.

SIXTHS 12, THIRDS 0

In a game replete with thrills, action, and real football, the Sixths continued their winning ways by turning back the fast Third Year aggregation 12-0. The score fails to do justice to the Thirds, who gained more ground, made more first downs, and completed more passes than did their opponents. The Sixths, however, got the "breaks," and took advantage of them.

Two neatly-executed forward passes gave the Sixths their first touchdown in the second quarter. Aubry heaved a long pass to Hartke who ran forty yards before being downed on the Thirds' twenty yard line, and then Barge passed over the goal line to Pike for a touchdown. Babin scored the winners' second marker in the final quarter when he intercepted a Third Year pass and ran thirty yards through an open field to cross the Thirds' goal.

Time and time again, the Thirds carried the ball within the shadow of the Sixths' goal posts, and each time they lacked the punch to penetrate the Sixths' stubborn defense. Aubry played a whale of a game for the winners, both on the offense and defense, as did Matthews; while the "Four Horsemen" of the Thirds; Blommer, Modrijan, Wirtz and Hoover ran true to form, being a constant threat to the Sixths. Captain Blommer's return of punts was the real feature of the game.

LINEUP: SIXTHS:—Pike, L. E.; Nolan, L. T.; Johns, L. G.; Friedrich, C.; Rehberger, R. G.; Pollak, R. T.; Hartke, R. E.; Aubry, Q.; Matthews, L. H.; Babin, R. H.; Barge, F. THIRDS:—Byrne, L. E.;

Parr, L. T.; Reineck, L. G.; Gengler, C.; Storch, R. G.; Siebeneck, R. T.; Conroy, R. E.; Greenwell, Q.; Hoover, L. H.; Lanoue, R. H.; Wirtz, F. SUBSTITUTIONS: SIXTHS:—Boltz for Aubry, Ryan for Babin, Wissert for Pollak, Zumberge for Nolan, Missler for Pike, Guillozet for Johns, Druffel for Ryan, Flynn for Rehberger. THIRDS:—Blommer for Greenwell, Strasser for Byrne, Modrijan for Lanoue. Officials: Referee, Herod; Umpire, Martin; Headlinesman, Weis.

FIFTHS 13, FOURTHS 0

The Fourths were eliminated from the pennant race on Sunday, October 21, when they were defeated by their old rivals, the Fifths, by a 13-0 count, in a game marred by many fumbles. Van Oss gave the Fifths their first touchdown in the last minute of the first half when he snagged a long pass from "Sal" Dreiling and dodged his way forty yards to score. Jim Connor tallied the winners' second touchdown during the last half on a line plunge.

The greater part of the game was a punting duel between the two Dreiling brothers—"Bonny" and "Sal." Martin, Tatar, and Schmitt were the main cogs in the Fourth Year attack, Martin reeling off several long gains.

LINEUP: FOURTHS:—Maloney, L. E.; Szemetko, L. T.; T. Krouse, L. G.; Kienly, C.; Bishop, R. G.; Schmitt, R. T.; Bucher, R. E.; Boker, Q.; Martin, L. H.; Tatar, R. H.; B. Dreiling, F. FIFTHS: J. Kraus, L. E.; Gillig, L. T.; W. Dreiling, L. G.; Homsey, C.; Guillozet, R. G.; Goubeaux, R. T.; Faber, R. E.; Van Oss, Q.; Grot, L. H.; Weigle, R. H.; Connor, F. Substitutions: FIFTHS:—M. Dreiling for W. Dreiling, Olberding for J. Kraus, Weiner for Guillozet, K. Dreiling for Goubeaux, Weis for Grot,

Uhrich for Weigel, Mathieu for Uhrich. **FOURTHS:** Cross for Boker, Zarret for Martin, Wuest for Maloney, Clayton for Bucher, Shaw for Bishop, Szanislo for T. Kraus, Vorst for Szemetko, Kern for Kienly. Officials: Referee, Aubry; Umpire, Barge; Headlinesman, Blommer.

SIXTHS 13, SECONDS 0

Coach Joe Schill's greatly improved Second Year outfit threw a scare into the camp of the undefeated Sixths on October 28, when they finally succumbed to the Seniors by 13-0 after holding them scoreless for three quarters. The game was a punting duel between Toth and Barge until the final quarter; then the Seconds' defense crumbled under the assault of their heavier opponents who marched through for two touchdowns. Barge scored the first touchdown on an off-tackle smash, while Pollak accounted for the Sixths' second marker when, after Hartke had blocked Toth's punt, Pollak fell on the ball behind the goal line.

Boltz played a flashy game at quarter for the Sixths, while Guillozet was a tower of strength on the defense. Riedlinger and Follmar did some neat defensive work for the losers.

FIFTHS 6, THIRDS 0

The Fifths rang up their third consecutive victory on November 1, when they won a hard-fought battle from the Thirds 6-0. The game was played in a drizzling rain. The only touchdown of the encounter was chalked up early in the second quarter when a Fifth Year drive, which started deep in their own territory, culminated with Captain Connor carrying the oval over the goal line from the one-yard mark. The absence of Modrijan, star halfback,

greatly weakened the Third Year attack. The game brought to light two backfield stars for the Fifts in Faber and Mathieu. Conroy, Siebeneck, and Wirtz carried the brunt of the Thirds' defensive work.

FOURTHS 6, SECONDS 3

The Fourths finally broke into the "win" column on Sunday, November 4, when they used their first touchdown of the season to defeat the rejuvenated Second Year eleven, 6 to 3. The Seconds easily had the better of the argument during the first half, a beautiful thirty-yard field-goal by Steve Toth in the second quarter giving them a 3-0 advantage which they held when the half-way mark was reached.

In the third period, a long pass to Tatar, Third-year back, put the ball on the Seconds' twenty-yard line. Tatar then circled left end and carried the oval to the five-yard mark, from which spot Martin shot through right tackle for the winning touchdown.

JUNIOR LEAGUE STANDING

Team	Won	Lost	Tied	Pct.
Lion Tamers -----	1	0	1	1.000
Tornadoes -----	1	1	1	.500
Comets -----	0	0	2	.000
Trojans -----	0	1	2	.000

Judging from the number of scoreless ties that have been played in the Junior League this season, the Junior teams are evenly matched in every sense of the word, and the pennant may be anybody's until the final game is played. Of the five games played, three have resulted in scoreless ties, and only two teams have been able to score.

As a result of their 16-0 victory over the Tornadoes in the opening game of the Junior League on October 7, Coach Aubry's Lion Tamers are "sitting on

top of the world" in the Junior circuit with a record of one victory, no defeats, and one tie game. The Lion Tamers, with Captain Biggins, Nardeccia, and Wittkofski leading the assault, registered two touchdowns and two safeties against the Duray-coached eleven. For the Tornadoes, Captain Dick Smith and Elder made some substantial gains, while Feeney and Mark Kelly starred on the defense.

On October 14, the Trojans locked horns with Coach Gillig's Comets, and fought a "no decision" battle, neither team being able to score. The first half ended with the ball in the Trojans possession on their opponent's ten-yard line. The Trojans threatened to score several more times during the last half, but the Comets always rallied and turned them back. Captain Mike Vichuras and his brother "Yicks," along with Nasser, played a bang-up game for the Trojans, while Mitchell and Purnell were the shining lights in the Comets' lineup.

The Comets again battled to a scoreless tie on October 21. Both the Comets and Tornadoes had one good chance apiece, and both lacked the punch to push the pigskin over the goal line. The outstanding performers were Bubala and Feeney for the Tornadoes, and Windholz for the Comets.

The third consecutive scoreless tie was registered on the Junior League gridiron Sunday, October 28; this time, the league-leading Lion Tamers were forced by the Trojans to be contented to leave the field of battle with the score deadlocked, 0 to 0. The Lion Tamers barely escaped a 3-0 defeat when I. Vichuras' attempted field-goal from the twenty-yard line missed its mark by inches. "Red" Parlon and I. Vichuras did most of the ground-gaining for the Trojans, while Biggins was the mainstay of the Lion Tamers.

The Tornadoes and the Trojans clashed on Sunday, November 4, in what was the last game of the Junior League season for both teams, and when the final whistle blasted, the Tornadoes were on top by a 6-0 count. The winners turned the trick in the very first quarter, when Dick Smith plunged over the Trojans' goal line for a touchdown after a brilliant end run by Bubala had put the Tornadoes in a scoring position.

FREE AIR---HOT AND OTHERWISE

Antony—Did you hear about the Scotchman who was engaged to a girl that grew so fat that he wanted to break the engagement?

Pee Wee—No, what happened?

Antony—He finally married her; she couldn't get the ring off of her finger.

Cop to injured pedestrian—Did that bird keep on going after he hit you?

Victim, in a daze—Naw, he kept on coming.

Mike—What did Paul Revere say to his horse after that famous ride?

Pike—Gee! I don't know. What was it?

Mike—Whoa!

Guest—There's a fly in my ice cream.

Waiter—Let 'im freeze, and teach 'im a lesson. The little divil was in the soup last night.

Latin Prof.—Did you have any help with this exercise?

Matthews—Naw, I got it all wrong myself.

Huffman—And did her father come between you?

Pike—Naw, behind me.

There is a rumor amongst our Sixth year class men to the effect that a society is to be organized, whose members will make it a point to rise a little earlier every morning, in order to serve at Mass. However, no definite action is expected to take place before June, 1929.

Charlie, (in an art museum)—That statue over there is called "The Thinker."

Big Hands—Yah? He does look worried.

Charlie—Say, I wonder what he's thinking?

Big Hands—Aw, that's easy. He's been swimming and can't remember where he put his clothes.

Harold Teen—I always kiss the stamp on your letters, for I know your own sweet lips have touched them.

Lillums—Oh, that's too bad; I always moisten them on Fido's nose.

Withering Sarcasm (1917)—Pull in your ears, the army's looking for mules.

And then there was the Scotchman who found a box of corn plasters and afterwards bought himself a pair of shoes three sizes too small.

Italian Guide (pointing out famous old castle)—Five hundred years old, sir, very historical, and never a stick or a stone altered in all those years.

American Tourist—Yep? I've a landlord like that too.

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